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WASHINGTON LETTER

From our Regular Correspondent.

Mr. McKinley has made up his mind to curtail some of the extensions of the civil service rules made by Mr. Cleveland, but he lacks the nerve to do so until public opinion has been worked up a little or the subject. That is why members of his cabinet and other prominent officials are making public their opinions against those rules. Of course every body understands that the rules do not keep the present democratic occupants of the positions in office, but so long as they are in force they do operate to keep those republicans who are not already in the government service out of office. And that is the milk in the cocoanut. Promises have been made that have got to be kept, and the only way to keep them is to withdraw the civil service rules from some of these places. Had Mr. McKinley been a man of backbone he would simply have rescinded Cleveland's orders extending the rules and said no more about it, and that would have been a much more manly way than this beating the devil around the bush in order to make it appear that the public demands their abrogation when every body knows that the public doesn't care a continental who fills the minor offices under the government.

The Dingley tariff bill should now be known as the Allison-Aldrich-Platt bill, since those three Senators have added more than a thousand amendments to the bill, which was to-day laid before the full finance committee of the Senate. The amendments have not made the bill any less objectionable as a whole to democrats, but some of them have started many republicans to kicking at a lively rate; but there is no likelihood that any of them will kick out of the party traces.

There hasn't been a determined fight made in the Senate against any appointment yet made by Mr. McKinley, but if he persists in trying to make J. W. Lyons, the negro member of the Republican National Committee from Georgia, postmaster at Augusta, Ga., there will be a fight and a very bitter one too. The entire Georgia Congressional delegation made a respectful protest against appointing this negro postmaster at Augusta, taking the ground that there were plenty of places paying just as well that could be given him, where the performance of his official duties would not necessitate constant irritation of the entire business interests of a city and the greater part of its population—probably nine tenths of its mail receiving population. Postmaster General Gary had given the Ga. delegation to understand that he was opposed to making this negro postmaster at Augusta, but it seems that the negro, who was a McKinley whooper-up previous to the St. Louis convention had

boss Hanna's positive pronouncement of the postoffice, if McKinley was nominated and elected, and that he has refused all offers of other positions, although some of them carry more salary and insisted upon being nominated postmaster at Augusta. The Georgia Senators believe they can defeat his nomination in the Senate, and it is certain that they will fight in the last ditch and hang it up if they can't defeat it.

"Oh, its just the regular pendulum," is the substance of what members of the administration say when their attention is called to the large amount of gold—more than \$7,000,000—engaged last week in New York for shipment to Europe, "and it will all come back again in the fall to pay for our crops." They may be right, but those with good memories have not forgotten that Secretary Carlisle and his assistants talked the same way in 1894 when nearly \$102,000,000 in gold went to Europe, and in 1895, when the value exported almost reached \$105,000,000, and again in 1896, when it went close to \$57,000,000, and they know that this gold was only brought back by issuing \$261,000,000 in United States bonds. Mr. McKinley has said that he would not issue bonds, but he has also said that Mr. Cleveland did right in issuing them when the continued demand for gold caused the gold reserve in the United States Treasury to fall below the arbitrary limit set without any legal authority by John Sherman he was Secretary of the Treasury. Every body hopes that this gold raid is not made by the New York and London money changers to force to force another issue of bonds, but that doesn't keep people from wondering what Mr. McKinley would do, should it turn out that way.

Democratic employees of the Treasury Department who are not so unsophisticated as to expect to be protected by the civil service commission are preparing to get it in the neck." A committee has been appointed to investigate all the bureaus of the Treasury Department, and to report a plan of reorganization that will enable the most efficient employees to get the largest salaries. That sounds all right, doesn't it? But every wide awake democrat knows that the plan reported will give the biggest salaries to the republicans, and is preparing to take his dose of reduction with as good grace as he can if he isn't in a position to show his disgust by resigning when the reorganization is made.

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After A Wife.

This is a story of real life, the scenes and the actors being in a Western North Carolina county not 100 miles from Buncombe. There lived in one of the country settlements a farmer, tolerably well fixed, who had been so unfortunate as to lose, through death, three wives. But he was of a philosophical turn of mind, and he determined he would not give way to grief, but seek solace in another marriage. So one day he diked out in his "Sunday-go-to-meetin's," put bear grease on his head, and set out a courting. He went to the county seat, and then directly to the home of a lady who was, while not quiet young, yet not to be called old or even middle aged.

The wife hunter immediately launched into a discussion of business. He had been told, he said, that the lady would entertain a proposition looking to matrimony, and he had come to make an offer. He had been a widower three months and while it seemed a short time in the eyes of the world, still he could not see that it was any one else's business. Would she have him.

The lady thought it rather sudden, but was disposed to look at the proposition in the right light, and she in turn proposed that she would go with him to his home and remain with members of the family a week to look the ground over. He readily assented.

When they reached his home he took her into his parlor where hung three pictures. "These," he told her, "are pictures of my wives. This one was my first; she made me what I am; yes, she made me what I am. This was my second; she was a dear good woman, but the Lord saw fit to take her from me. This, my third, I loved best of all, but they are all gone, and I must not murmur." He bade her make herself at home and she did so. Later she returned home, asking a week to think it over.

The week up, the hero of the story called for his answer, and was told she believed she would continue single, for a while at any rate.

"All right, he replied, "but I must say I think you are missing a fine chance."

The wife hunter was next heard of preparing for his marriage to a young woman who lived in his immediate neighborhood. The day before the wedding, however he received a note from the father that the daughter had reconsidered. This did not daunt him, however. "I'll go and see about it, anyway. So when the time for the marriage came he went to the home of the bride elect. She had retired, but after a consultation with the farmer she was called in, and as a result she was won over from her determination. They were married as they had at first agreed.

Shortly after, so the story goes, some little family jars arose and one day he said to

her: "You're not like—" another neighbor; "she can throw a sheep, shear it and turn the wool into cloth before you can say scat."

The next day or soon afterward, the husband went to the county town. While a way the bride packed her belongings and went home, leaving this message for her husband:

"You may get that girl who can throw a sheep, if you want to; I'm going home."

And once more he is wifeless.—Citizen.

"WAGES MUST GO DOWN."

In a recent interview, Senator Elkins, who is a noted champion of protection and other schemes to enrich the few at the expense of the many, is quoted as saying that under the operation of the Dingley tariff "wages must go down." The McKinley act sent them down not only to a lower scale, but made it impossible for workingmen to get employment at all. And now we are told by one of the leading protectionists, when wages are lower than before the enactment of the McKinley act, "wages in America stand against a revival of business."

Senator Elkins may be right when he says "wages must go down." Under the gold standard and a protective tariff higher than ever known before, wages have gone down and employment has lessened. In the last campaign Senator Elkins and his party assured us that Mr. McKinley was "the advance agent of prosperity," and appealed to the workingmen to vote for him in order to secure high wages and steady work. Now Mr. Elkins turns to them and says: "Wages in America stand against a revival of business." In other words, the threat is made to the workingmen that unless they consent to a further reduction of their wages the promised "revival of business" will not come.

The threat of Mr. Elkins is but a candid expression of the views of the syndicate that purchased the presidency last November. They want high tariff to add to their incomes, but they don't want to make a fair division with the wage-earners, and sooner than do that, they will postpone the "revival of business."

One of these days the humbug of "protection" will fully expose itself.—News and Observer.

The Indiana town elections on Monday last showed decided Democratic gains—as every election has shown since the people found out that the extra session of Congress was the advance agent of higher taxes.—Philadelphia Record.

Wilmington Messenger: Miss Edna Robeson has been appointed by Judge Sutton stenographer for the circuit composed of New Hanover, Mecklenburg, Cumberland, Robeson, Craven, Wilson, Halifax, Warren, Nash and Edgecombe counties.

Presidents As Penmen.

Franklin Pierce wrote an abominable hand.

Martin Van Buren used a pen as little as he could.

John Tyler's chirography was clear, legible and open.

Zachary Taylor used a blunt pen and abjured flourishes.

William Henry Harrison wrote a cramped, scholastic hand.

James A. Garfield wrote the best hand of all the presidents.

Rutherford B. Hayes never formed a letter twice the same way.

Abraham Lincoln's handwriting was small and carefully constructed.

James Buchanan prided himself on punctuation, orthography and elegance of characters.—New York Mail and Express.

Choice Selections.

—There is no rainbow with out a cloud.—T. H. Vincent.

—Prayer in the morning, peace at night.—Standard.

—Whatever makes men good christians makes them good citizens.—Daniel Webster.

—Kindness is a precious oil that makes the crushing wheels of care seem lighter.—Eugene Field.

—The grace of the Spirit comes only from Heaven and lights up the whole bodily presence.—Spurgeon.

—Moses asked God where He was, and God said: Know that when thou hast sought me, thou hast already found me.—From the Arabian.

—Souls are made sweet not by taking the acid fluids out, but by putting something in—a great love, a new spirit, the Spirit of Christ.—Henry Drum.

Tuesday afternoon Mr. H. Hilbreth, who lives near the Cason Old Field, Gullede township, suffered a peculiar accident, to him, a very painful one. He had both barrels of his gun heavily loaded and was in his corn field hunting crows. He carried the gun on his left arm cocked, and as he was in the act of shooting a crow both barrels were accidentally discharged simultaneously. When it was discharged the butt of the gun was just opposite Mr. Hilbreth's face and it 'kicked' him squarely on the nose, breaking that member and cutting a severe gash in one of his cheeks.—Wadesboro Messenger.

There was no need of a Tariff bill. The republicans now tardily admit this by their proposition to raise by revenue taxes an amount even larger than the current deficit. This they should have done in the first place. They have disturbed the business of the country and checked returning prosperity for no public reason, but simply at the demand of the favored private industries upon which they are accustomed to rely for campaign funds. The history of the Dingley bill to date is a history of preparation for a great party disaster.—New York Times

"Darling," he said, falling upon his knees before her and covering her little white hands with kisses, darling, can't you see—can't you guess that I love you?"

She drew herself up to her full height, looked at him for a moment and then said, "Well, I should hate to think that this was just your natural way of behaving in company!"—Leader.

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